

# THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

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## BY THE EASY CLUB.

“A CHRISTIAN is the highest style of man.  
“And is there who the blessed cross wipes off,  
“As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow?  
“If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:  
“The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,  
“More struck with grief or wonder who can tell?  
“Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of earth!  
“Ye deaf to truth, peruse this parson'd page,  
“And trust, for once, a prophet and a priest:  
“Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.” YOUNG.

Mr. Easy,

IN my last paper I commenced the discussion of a subject which appears to me to demand a conspicuous place in your Companion—and introduced the question on the answer to which it is now my intention to enlarge—with a few desultory remarks.

“To what cause can this practice be attributed, which claims the *disgrace* of vice, and shuns the *honour* of virtue?” *To a groundless fear, or to a devilish ambition.*

My design now is to point out the folly and wickedness which characterize the former description of persons, or those who thus act from a principle of fear.

I shall forego the privilege of ridiculing this vice and its consequences for the present, and offer a few reasons, which, if they should convince and reform any one of your unstable readers, will afford me unspeakable gratification.

But I must premise that my arguments will be founded upon the idea that the system of religion promulged in the word of God is of divine origin—and that none are exempt from its controul: indeed I have before presumed that the man who boasts of vice from fear is a believer in Christianity.

Bear with me therefore, whilst I attempt to prove—that this fear—is criminal in the sight of God—that it is a crime committed against our nature—that it is contrary to the happiness of society—and that the causes which produce this fear, are ignoble and unnatural.

That fear which actuates the appropriation of vice—and the discarding of virtue, is criminal in the sight of God.

The strongest denunciations of the King of Kings are published against the timorous Christian—against him who is afraid of an avowed assimilation to the immaculate Redeemer of mankind—Lukewarmness in the cause of truth, when it involves the benefit of society is a crime very nearly allied to an opposition to its interests: and that man who feels cold and indifferent in the defence of virtue, may be safely pronounced to be unworthy of the blessings which he enjoys. I need not refer you to the injunctions of the holy scriptures—“Be strong”—“quit you like men”—“Be faithful unto death”—&c. &c. or to the awful threatenings which they promulge against him who is chargeable with tergiversation, inconsistency, or a want of fortitude on the subject of religion.

Let those who are guilty of this crime remark that upon all mankind is enjoined as strict a conformity as possible to the example of Jesus Christ—and that in all the traits of his character it behoves every man, and especially the believers in the truth which he taught to imitate him as much as possible—Incessant pains are required to be taken by all those who would in any tolerable degree walk in the path in which he has preceded us—for the allurements of the world—the temptations of the enemy of mankind—and the corrupt propensities of our own hearts are so strong that they demand the most unwearied and ceaseless assiduity to counteract their influence.

One of the most prominent characteristics of our Lord (if there can be any difference, where all was ineffable perfection) and of his apostles, was their undaunted firmness in defending their religion against its opponents. By the cold



hearted lukewarm professors of our day—a strong love to God is burlesqued as enthusiasm—a desire to extend Christian truth, as madness—and a strict adherence to the injunctions of Heaven—as superlative folly.—But the opposite qualities are highly criminal in the estimation of him who judges righteously—and before whom all mankind will at his appointed time stand to hear their irreversible doom. Ye young, fearful, perverted characters—learn, that by this conduct of yours—you expose yourselves to the vengeance of Heaven, you are despised by all good men—and you know that you feel all the pangs of a guilty conscience. Desert then immediately the standard of vice, and boldly assert your attachment to those principles which will ensure you the approbation of that “God who is over all, blessed for ever.”

2. That *fear* which impels the claim of vice, and the apparent shame of virtue is a crime committed against our nature. The highest dignity to which man can arrive is to be declared an heir of Heaven—the greatest honour to which human nature can attain is to be admitted to the company of the Son of God—consequently, the most valuable blessing in our possession, is a knowledge of the means by which our nature can thus be exalted.—But the timid creature, who is afraid to be known—as an expectant of these dignities—who is ashamed to be considered as making use of the means which God has prescribed, and who offends his conscience by professing an attachment to that which God condemns, and a hearty disapprobation of that to which God has affixed honours and felicity inconceivable, is of all criminals the worst, as he offends against his own nature—and is a coward of the most vile kind—because he is afraid of that which is his brightest ornament—afraid of the opinions of those whose crimes although they may not be actually cognizable by the laws of society—have rendered them a subject of abhorrence to God, of detestation to all good members of this social state—and of exultation to the inhabitants of the infernal regions—afraid of being known as a man in whose house there is an altar for God—whose orisons ascend daily to Heaven—whose mouth emits no profanity—no obscenity—no calumny—afraid of being received in any other light than as an unprincipled libertine—a blasphemer—an enemy to God, and to man—whose pestiferous breath poisons and corrupts the whole circle in which he moves, and taints the air with the venom which daily issues from his tongue, as a professed gambler—a drunkard and a subverter of the whole superstructure of *virtue and morality*.

Nature revolts at the contemplation of the immense absurdity of this man's character—that with a heart disposed to

do good, he should boast of vice—that with steady upright principles a man should debase himself to the level of the pests of society—and that with a conscience struggling against the folly which he daily exhibits, he should persist in openly asserting himself the opponent of virtue and the votary of sin—is a paradox inexplicable—a subject of lamentation immeasurable—a proof either that a man has no principles—that his principles are weak—or that he is as yet under the influence of bonds which if not speedily loosened will enchain him until he is dragged down to the gulph of endless perdition.

3. This practice is contrary to the happiness of society:

Uprightness of character is enjoined not by the laws of God only, but is involved in that contract which the members of any society make with each other. It needs not argument to prove that sincerity is the basis upon which all individual and social happiness rests—and it appears absurd, to warn any persons against this, of all other kinds of hypocrisy the most despicable. Self interest, the protection of life, or a sense of shame may induce the denial of a charge upon which the conviction consequent might materially affect a man: but this species of deception is not excusable upon these grounds, and is highly injurious to the welfare of society. What should we think of him, whose continual boast was that he pilfered his neighbour's property, slandered his character, and took every opportunity to injure him? This man would be deservedly reprehensible, would upon his own confessions be forced to appear to answer to the laws of his country—for the violations of their precepts which he had acknowledged—whilst the more retired, but not less criminal offender not only passes off his boasted vices with impunity, but acquires a wreath of laurel for the consummate impudence which he manifests in setting at defiance the laws of God, the authority of conscience, the regulations of society, and the terrors of future retribution.

Our case supposes that the character under consideration is vicious in profession—mark then how his example operates—not as an individual only—but as forming a part of our species who are determined by *sheer impudence* to laugh every decent person out of countenance, and to uphold each other by the violence of their vociferations in attaching honour to a distortion of nature, to *puppyism*, and to a criminal course of life—and opprobrium and ridicule to those who have not forgotten the God who formed them, the dignity of their rational powers, the duties required of them, the immortality which lies before them, the great responsibility by which they are bound, the tremendous misery which awaits final impenitence, and the



celestial glory succeeding a life of holiness. Although he may not be guilty of any one of the vices of which he claims the *honour* of being the perpetrator—yet his boldly exulting in the part which he took in a riotous broil, in a turbulent party, in a gambling quarrel—encourages his auditors to long for an opportunity of engaging in such scenes where so much *fun* is to be enjoyed, so much *spirit* manifested, and so much *praise* to be acquired.

How men in this country can openly avow infidelity of the most injurious nature is truly astonishing—and how others of decent characters can suffer this new species of dignity to pass off without expressing their dislike to the vices of which they make a boast, and giving a severe chastisement to the persons who are thus guilty; is a subject of grief with all those who feel interested in the welfare of the youth around them; who, often without fixed principles, without experience, without friends, and without courage to withstand the fascinations of those vices which too soon become agreeable to our depraved nature, are seduced into the vortex of dissipation by the silly conduct of a weak-headed boy—who although actually not culpable—is the mean of making one of his fellow creatures completely wretched. This glaring impropriety, which is really a growing evil, should be noticed—and it is to be lamented that some public spirited man does not act as if the relation were true, and lay an information before a magistrate that it might be seen whether the guilt which he confesses does not subject him to “forty stripes save one.”

I have long been thinking to attack a braggadocio of my acquaintance in this way, and to strive thereby to recover his lost sense of decency and propriety. There is a small number of *bipeds*, the individuals of which think themselves leaders of the rest of mankind, because they have brazened their faces to all idea of that which is proper—and their jurisdiction extends even to the mode in which a man is dressed. I myself have almost been put out of countenance by these staring puppies—who when they could find fault with nothing else have reprobated the collar of my coat!!! cursed the tailor who made it—and ridiculed me for being seen with such an uncouth thing around me—all this, except the *swearing*, I can bear very well—but when a man begins his conversation with an appeal to all the Devils in Hell, and tells me how many bottles of wine he poured into his throat on some late occasion; how many dollars he had lost at loo; and how much he had spent in other vicious and degrading company; when it is well known that his whole visible income is not half the amount of his boasted extravagance, I am sickened to the highest degree, and think thus with my-

self—this is a contemptible character, whether his account of himself be true or false—if I conceive the former, I dislike him—if the latter, I most heartily pity him.

These timid creatures who have not courage to withstand the sneer of the puppy, the jokes of the profane, or the ribaldry of the scorner—and in consequence join to exult in vice, and ridicule virtue, are rebels against God, enemies to our nature, and destroyers of all the happiness of society.

4. The causes which produce this fear are ignoble and unnatural.

This part of my discussion I have already slightly developed from the manner in which I have considered the subject—it will be unnecessary therefore to add much; and as it has been proved that the effects of this fear are ignoble and unnatural, it follows that the cause of the fear must be similar. How ignoble and unnatural must be those principles in the breast, those views of men and things, and that estimate of the deity and his creatures which are manifested in the fear of being known to be a lover of virtue, and an enemy to vice? They reverse the order of creation, subvert the authority of heaven, and have a tendency to open the flood-gates of vice upon us—Those happy spirits who surround the throne of God, whose enjoyments are correctness, whose affections are harmony, whose desires are purity, and whose object is to sing the praises and to chaunt the goodness of God, are bold in the cause of virtue. They are ministring spirits appointed to watch over those, who, like themselves, although not so pure, not so perfect, not so happy, not so devoted—are in a state of probation, hastening to the enjoyments of the same felicity—all these characters are stern—and unmoved, and like Abdiel “Faithful though alone.”

Addison expresses his idea in Cato thus:—

“If there’s a pow’r above,  
“ (And that there is all nature cries aloud  
“ Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;  
“ And that which he delights in, must be happy.

As the motives which actuate firmness in defence of religion, and the effects which it produces are both laudable, we are justified in concluding that the causes which produce the fear which I have opposed are improper as the effects are discordant, inimical to our individual comfort, directly contradictory to all our duties, and generate misery among mankind.

Let us all strictly examine our own hearts, measure our exact proportion of courage in resisting the encroachments, and delusions of vice, and by boldly avowing our attachment to Christianity, and living consistent with it—discourage this practice, which arises from the fear of being laughed at by those who are raised from insignificance by



the impudence which they evince, and the licentiousness and profanity of their characters.

CATO.

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Dear Mr. Easy,

YOU cannot imagine how much I was delighted at finding by your last number, that there are gentlemen in your club, who have sense and spirit enough to espouse our cause and endeavour to put a stop to the censure and abuse which has been poured upon us by the mere wittlings of the day. We are, sir, as you justly observed, inoffensive, and we have been wantonly insulted. Why cannot these self-sufficient gentlemen who pride themselves in their fancied superiority, enjoy their horse-races, their odious segars, and their brandy and water, and leave us undisturbed in the industry of the needle and the necessary relaxation of the dance. If we have tea drinkings, where women assemble after the fatigues of the day and converse with sprightliness and ease, on each others dress, or even if Mr. "Gravity" will have it so, on the failings of our neighbours, the gentlemen neglect their business and waste at least one half of the day over wine which enfeebles their constitution, and to keep up conversation (this is the very reason I have heard frequently alledged) segars, which destroy their breath and ruin our furniture. Then let the conversation after dinner and that which follows tea be contrasted, and I will cheerfully submit to any candid observer, which possesses the greater interest—If they should be a company of young merchants, mercy on a stranger to commerce who unfortunately may happen to be among them! their poor heads can carry them little further than the limits of their day-book and ledger—If they do talk of a foreign country, they know no more of it, than its current price for indigo or coffee or some such commodity—The studies of a lawyer, it is true enlarge his mind a little beyond his profession, and he can sometimes travel out of the record to enliven his conversation by appropriate narration and elegant criticism on popular works. But if he should mention any thing like a wound or a disorder, the company will soon be edified by a dissertation on diseases by some young Esculapius, or shocked by a prophecy of his future doom, from some reverend Divine. Thus you see, Mr. Easy, how much the different classes of men are affected by pedantry and how insensibly it insinuates itself in their intercourse with the world. From this disgusting quality, I think you will allow, our conversation is totally free. You cannot call talking of dress pedantry, or if you do, you cannot say it is peculiar to us; for I have heard two gentlemen dispute with more warmth of the different cuts of the various Tay-

lors, than I have ever listened to among ladies of the slopes and trimmings of their milliners.

Consider next how the conversation of the different sexes is enlivened—There is one resource which is common to both—I mean singing. And here we claim a vast superiority in taste and in real gentility of manners—The gentlemen never sing until the ladies rise from table—I remember once asking my brother the reason of this ill-natured exclusion, and you may guess what was my astonishment at learning that *their* songs were not fit to be sung before ladies. How gross, how low must be the taste of him who can only be delighted by pleasures, from which modesty and virtue must be excluded! We evince the satisfaction we derive from an air well sung, by silence, the most expressive of all encomiums—they imitate the boisterous clamour of the *gods of the gallery*. Our entertainment concludes with a reel or a cotillon—Theirs by their reeling under the table, or, if they can get so far, by rolling in a gutter from which they are after taken home by the watch. I will not disgust you by describing the scene which generally follows, but charitably draw a veil over a picture that they are ashamed of the next morning—when a throbbing head, a swollen eye and a trembling hand, woefully remind them of the manner in which the preceding day had been disgraced.

I might extend this parallel much further—but enough has been said to convince you, that we know our own value and can appreciate the merit of those who abuse us—and further, sir, that a party of us have determined to remain no longer in silence under the insults of scribblers, whose school-boy essays evince as little knowledge of the rules of orthography and grammar, as they do of the dictates of politeness, decency, or even common sense.

†

ELIZA.

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DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The illustrious character of Pierre de Corneille, the popular dramatic poet of France, induced those who approached him to expect something in his manners, address and conversation, above the common level. They were disappointed; and the same thing has happened in a thousand peculiar instances.

The friends of Corneille, as was natural enough, were uneasy at finding people express their disappointment after an interview with him. They wished him to appear as respectable when near as when at a distance; in a personal intimacy as in the regions of fame. They took the liberty of mentioning to him his defects, his awkward address, his ungentleman-like behaviour. Corneille heard the

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enumeration of his faults with great patience; and when it was concluded, said, with a smile, and with a just confidence in himself, "all this may be very true; but, notwithstanding all this, I am still *Pierre de Corneille*."

The many defects, infirmities, faults, and disagreeable qualities, which the friends of Dr. Johnson, have brought to publick light, were chiefly what, in less conspicuous men, would be passed over as foibles, or excused as mere picadillos; and however his enemies may triumph in the exposure, I think he might, if he were alive, imitate Corneille and say, "Notwithstanding all this, I am still Samuel Johnson."

Few men could stand so fiery a trial as he has done.—His gold has been put into the furnace, and considering the violence of the fire, and the frequent repetition of the process, the quantity of dross and alloy is inconsiderable. Let him be considered, not absolutely, but comparatively: and let those who are disgusted with him, ask themselves, whether their own characters or those they most admire would not exhibit some deformity, if they were to be analyzed with a minute and anxious curiosity. The private conversation of Johnson, the caprice of momentary ill-humour, the weakness of disease, the common infirmities of human nature, have been presented to the publick, without those alleviating circumstances which probably attended them. And where is the man that has not foibles, weaknesses, follies, and defects of some kind? And where is the man that has greater virtues, greater abilities, more useful labours, to put into the opposite scale against his defects?

Biography is every day descending from its dignity.—Instead of instructive recital, it is becoming an instrument to the mere gratification of an impertinent, not to say a malignant, curiosity. There are certain foibles and weaknesses, which should be shut up in the coffin with the poor reliques of fallen humanity. Wherever the greater part of a character is *thriving*, the *few blemishes* should be covered with the pall.

I am apprehensive that the custom of exposing the weakness of eminent men to every age, will have an unfavourable influence on virtue. It may teach men to fear celebrity; and, by extinguishing the desire of fame and posthumous glory, destroy one powerful motive to excellence.

I think there is reason to fear lest the moral writings of Johnson should lose something of their effect by this unfortunate degradation. To prevent so mischievous a consequence of his friends communications, I wish his readers to consider the old saying, *that no man is wise at all*

*times*; and to reflect that reason and argument do not loose any thing of their value from the errors and foibles of a writer's conduct. Let them also remember the old complaint, that many see and approve the better part, while from the violence of passion they pursue the worse.

Is it to be believed that the greatest men in all history, would have appeared almost uniformly great, if the taste of their age, and the communicative disposition of their intimate friends, had published the secrets of their private conversations and of their chambers?

It was usual to write the lives of great men *con amore*, with affection for them, and there ran a vein of panegyrick with the narrative. Writer and reader agreed in loving the character, and the reader's love was increased and confirmed by the writer's representation. An ardour of imitation was thus excited, and the hero of the story placed, without one dissenting voice, in some honourable niche in the temple of Fame. But this biographical anatomy, in minutely dissecting parts, destroys the beauty of the whole; just as in cutting up the most comely body, many loathsome objects are presented to the eye, and the beautiful form is utterly disfigured.

It is said indeed that not only truth, but the whole truth, should be published and left naked for the contemplation of mankind; for as the anatomy of the body contributes to the benefit of human nature, by promoting medical and chirurgical knowledge; so the dissection of characters tends to the development of error, which, by being thus exposed, may be avoided.

From such an exposure some advantage may be derived to the philosopher; but, I fear, little to the multitude.—I am rather induced to believe, that the abasement of great characters, and the exposure of defects, prevents the salutary operation of their good example, and of their writings. The common reader seldom makes refined and philosophical observations. But he says, if such men, so learned, so great, so celebrated, were guilty of this failing, or remarkable for that misconduct, how can I attempt, with any hope of success, to avoid it? He gives up the contest, and shelters his surrender under the name and authority of the defunct philosopher, whom he once admired, and, while he admired, endeavoured to imitate.

I think it was in Egypt that a tribunal was established to sit in judgment on the departed. Johnson has been tried with as accurate an investigation as if he had been judicially arraigned on the banks of the Nile.

It does not appear that the witnesses were partial. The sentence of the publick, according to their testimony, has



rather lowered him; but time will replace him where he was, and where he ought to be, notwithstanding all his errors and infirmities, high in the ranks of Fame.—Posterity will forgive his roughness of manner, his apparent superstition, his mistakes in making his will, his prejudices against the Whigs and Scotch, and will remember his Dictionary, his moral writings, his biography, his manly vigour of thought, his piety, and his charity. They will make allowances for morbid melancholy; for a life, a great part of which was spent in extreme indigence and labour, and the rest, by a sudden transition, in the midst of affluence, flattery, obsequiousness, submission, and universal renown.

The number of writers who have discussed the life, character, and writings of Johnson, is alone sufficient to evince that the publick feels him to be a *great man*, and it will not be easy to write him down through mistaken friendship or declared enmity. He was indeed a great man; but mortal man, however well he may deserve the epithet, Great, comparatively, is absolutely, but a little being; and the example of Johnson is an additional proof of this obvious, but humiliating conclusion. I wish, nevertheless that his life had been written in the manner of the French *Eloges*, and with the affection and reverence due to supereminent merit.

Many of his apparent friends we may suppose were of those who forced themselves into his company and acquaintance in order to gain credit and to flatter their own vanity. They seem to have had little cordiality for him, and no objection to lower his fame, if they could raise their own names to eminence on the ruins. Many of them had, perhaps, been hurt by his freedom of rebuke, and were glad to gratify revenge when retaliation was out of his power. If he were alive he would crush the swarms of insects that have attacked his character, and with one sarcastick blow flap them into non-existence.

#### MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

##### THE KING'S FOOL, OR MY LORD'S.

The character of the fool or clown was originally introduced into the world to supply the want of that freedom in conversation which was unknown to the savage manners of our ancestors. When half the kingdom of England was in a state of slavery under the Norman race, and their immediate successors; when vassalage universally prevailed, and Englishmen were subject to the will of a despotic king and his haughty and imperious barons; the pride of war was the principal commerce of all the nations in Europe, and tilts and tournaments their great and almost

sole amusement. The social intercourse and elegant diversions which so happily employ both sexes in this refined age, were utterly unknown; instead of the entertainments of the stage, which we now enjoy in its almost perfect state, the mysteries and moralities, of which some specimens are preserved in old writers were the only theatrical spectacles exhibited from Richard the second's days to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mystery was the tragedy and morality the comedy; the latter, perhaps, owed its origin to the clown or fool, in a motly dress, which every noble family in the kingdom entertained as a necessary appendage of state and grandeur. Nature will insist upon her rights in some shape or other; and mirth is so congenial to man, that it must have a vent. A sarcastic and perhaps a harmless jest, from one equal to another, in the rough days of the feudal system, would, in all likelihood, have brought about serious consequences, and perhaps ended in a single combat: But kings could not live in their palaces, nor great barons in their castles, without some instrument to excite merriment. They had no wits, indeed, to flatter them; but they had, what men of the most refined understandings love better, a fool to laugh at.

A fellow, dressed in a patched coat, was hired at a certain salary, to divert the great man and his guests. All now was safe; for nobody could pretend to be angry with the sarcastic gibes of a party-coloured hireling; one too, who was himself the butt of the company. The fool treated all alike; the master and the guests were equally the objects of his sarcastic mirth; and a keen-witted fellow would, doubtless, sometimes revenge the disgrace of situation on his betters, by uttering severe reproach and home truth under the cover of a joke which no man durst resent without being exposed to the derision of the company.—*Viola* in the *Twelfth Night* aptly describes the business of a fool by profession:

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of the persons, and the time:  
And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eyes."

##### THE PERSON WE LOVE.

There is such a relative charm, in that which appertains to the person we love, let it be never so insignificant and worthless that we are sure to be pleased with it, because it calls to mind the object of our affections.

"I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:  
Yet these fix'd evils sit fit upon him,  
That they take place when virtue's steely brows  
Look bleak to the cold wind."



Helens's remark, that the slight and worthless, provided they have talents to excite gaiety and cheerfulness, are often preferred to the meritorious, but less pliable in temper, is a just observation, in support of which many instances can be produced.

#### TEMPLE OF LOVE—AND OF FORTUNE.

What Petrarch has said of the temple of love, is still more applicable to that of fortune:

Errors and dreams and thoughts half form'd abroad,  
And crowd the baseless fabric all around;  
While at the threshold false opinions stand,  
And on the steps, vain hope, with magic wand.

#### WEALTH.

One of the most dangerous yet distinguished writers of our day, who will probably do more evil than good by his works, presents us with the following neat and elegant observations upon wealth and the proper application of it—"Wealth" says he "should be estimated as the means of dispersing happiness around us;—of giving shelter to the houseless child of want and joy to the afflicted heart; as a sacred deposit entrusted to us by an Almighty Power for those purposes, which, if so applied, will nourish placid and delightful reflections that like soothing friends will croud around us in the bed of sickness or death, alleviating the pains of one and the terrors of the other."

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. CARR, author of the *Stranger in France*, and other works, having, during the last summer, visited Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and made a circuit of the Baltic, intends to favour the world with an account of his travels, accompanied by various engravings from his own drawings.

The ABBE DE LILLE's long expected translation of MILTON'S *PARADISE LOST* is just published at Paris; and, in the same city, the posthumous works of MARMONTEL have also made their appearance very recently.

An Italian translation of Blair's *LECTURES* on Rhetoric and the Belles-lettres, by *Francisco Soave*, has recently been published at Parma.

An Essay, Philosophical, Moral and Political, on the present extended commerce of Great Britain, and on its advantages and disadvantages is in the press, and will speedily be published.

A new edition of Dr. Smith's *HISTORY* of the PELOPONNESIAN WAR, with a life of the translator, is nearly ready for publication.

A work intended as a continuation of Dr. Paley's *Natural Theology*, is in considerable forwardness.

The long-disputed MSS. of the POEMS of OSSIAN, in the original Gaelic, are now in the press, under the auspices of the Highland Society. They will be accompanied by a Latin translation, by the late Mr. Macfarlane.

A new translation of the works of the *Swiss Theocritus*, the amiable GESNER, is in considerable forwardness. It is intended to follow the popular essay of ZIMMERMAN ON SOLITUDE, executed for the *Select Foreign Classics*, a work which from the numerous advantages it combines, bids fair to supercede all the preceding translations of modern classic authors.

DR. CHARLES HALL has in the press a treatise, entitled, *The Effects of Civilization on the People in European States*.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Circumstances unforeseen and unavoidable concurred to cause the absence of several members, and prevented the usual meeting of the *Easy Club* last week; the communications and essays therefore were delivered to, and arranged by the gentleman who obligingly in the absence of our regular secretary acted as secretary *pro tem*—a promise of more regular attendance induces us to hope that we shall not again be without the necessary quorum to examine and decide on the merit of the several communications.

The Translation from a polite author which has been promised us by a young lady whose good sense teaches her to reject with equal contempt the dissipation of *cards* and the frivolity of compliments, is anxiously expected. The task will improve her and be highly gratifying to us. She has the talent to make her likeness faithful, and her genius will make it elegant.

A number of essays both in prose and verse too numerous to particularize at present, have been received, and after due consideration by the Club, shall be noticed according to their respective merits.

S. who sends us some verses which have already appeared in a former number of this miscellany, under the signature "Clara," is equally foolish and impertinent, in attempting to palm so gross an imposition upon us. He is informed, and others in like case offending may take warning, that he is known, and that we have some inclination to publish the piece, with his *real name* prefixed. His conduct during the ensuing week, will have some influence upon us.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following impressive address to the Students of St. Mary's College is written by a young gentleman of this city formerly a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Du Bourg, who presides in that institution...we insert it with pleasure as it gives us again an opportunity of testifying our respect for the talents and amiable character of that gentleman.

*Lines occasioned by attending the Examination of the Students in St. Mary's College in this City.*

Ye happy youths who tread, with willing feet,  
The path to learning's venerable seat;  
Where Truth's fair form in classick shades is found  
And Science breathes her inspiration round—  
Oh say, while youth yet folds you in her arms,  
And hope yet flatters with delusive charms,  
While joy attends, Companion of your way,  
And no dark cloud obscures your infant day,  
How sweet to range the Academick bow'r  
And cull with eager hand each classick flow'r:  
To dwell with rapture on each mighty name  
That shines resplendent on the Roll of Fame,  
And catch a spark of that celestial fire  
That rous'd the Hero, or that wak'd the Lyre!  
How sweet to dwell on Homer's glowing line,  
Homer the Great High Priest of all the Nine:  
And hear the letter'd Prince of Roman song  
Pour the rich tide of melody along:  
With festive Horace—sprightliest son of mirth,  
Whom Attic doves instructed at his birth,  
Press the rich clusters of the teeming vine  
And pledge, in Lyric draughts, the tuneful Nine.  
Or list the Teian Bard, whose sportive soul  
Glow's in his verse and sparkles in his bowl,  
Thrill all the madd'ning raptures of his lyre  
While melting spirits wanton on the wire.  
Or if the mind in sorrow love to share,  
And seeks another's load of grief to bear;  
Then pensive pour o'er Curtius' flow'ry page,  
And mourn th' effects of Macedonian rage,  
Sigh for Darius from his empire hur'd,  
A splendid ruin to instruct the world.

Not to the ancients only are confin'd  
The various pleasures of the student's mind.  
'Tis his with fancy's eye to range each clime  
And even arrest the "feather'd feet of time,"  
To pierce wherever truth or science shone  
And make the labours of the world his own.  
Hence, tho' to one small spot of earth confin'd,  
We view the daring ardour of his mind  
Look through all nature with a single glance,  
Shew what depends on fate, and what on chance,  
With Newton trace the comet on its way,  
Or count each beam of light that gilds the day,  
Delighted mark the varied planets roll,  
And own the wise concordance of the whole,  
With Locke and Reid unfold the inward man  
And each fine spring of human action scan,  
The secret chambers of the mind explore,  
And feast the soul with metaphysick lore...  
These are the sweets that crown your rising hours,  
That strew your infant path of life with flow'rs,

That in yon hallow'd walls delight to dwell  
And lure her votaries to learning's cell;  
For you the world yet spreads no wily snare,  
For peace and angel innocence are there.  
Oh may ye learn, beneath his\* fostering hand,  
To whom is lent the promise of our land,  
Whose liberal soul enlighten'd and refin'd  
Delights in all the good of all mankind,  
Delights to form to truth the infant breast  
And blessing others is himself most blest,  
Oh may ye learn t' improve the precious hour  
Which Heav'n indulgent places in your pow'r;  
To wake each noble impulse of the soul,  
Restrain each passion under just controul,  
To own the finer feelings of the heart  
And bid the sigh at others sorrows start,  
To view misfortune with a pang sincere  
And give to misery pity's tenderest tear...  
Oh cherish in your commerce with mankind  
The dear instinctive sympathies of mind,  
And ever be with this great truth imprest,  
'Tis virtue beams the sunshine of the breast.  
But most of all religion's sacred pow'r  
Cheers pilgrim man thro' life's sad varying hour;  
To her in awful reverence we bend;  
The athiest's terror—but the christian's friend.  
Hail! meek religion, 'tis to thee we owe  
Each source of bliss—each antidote of woe;  
'Tis thine when clouds life's transient day deform  
To lift the sinking soul above the storm,  
To beam the smile serene, the transport ev'n  
And grant a foretaste of the bliss of Heav'n.  
And thou† to whom in gratitude belong  
The heart's warm tribute, and the muses song,  
Who led'st my infant steps to learning's shrine,  
And taught'st me to revere her form divine,  
Taught'st me when journeying thro' life's turbid ways,  
Where sorrows thicken and where hope decays,  
Where those desert us whom we held most dear  
And nought is left for misery but a tear,  
To raise, like Anaxagoras, my eyes  
And place my hopes of bliss beyond the skies,  
To seek resign'd religion's fair abode  
And rest my hopes and sorrows with my God.  
Oh may'st thou long, to us and science dear,  
Defer thy flight to heaven and linger here;  
Still linger here a blessing to mankind  
And perfect what thy mighty soul design'd.  
And when at length, thy course of virtue run,  
We mark the lustre of thy setting sun;  
When the last hour shall come when we must part,  
(Oh fatal truth that rends the poet's heart)  
May no rude pangs thy parting soul annoy,  
But dreams of bliss thy latest hour employ;  
May soothing recollection of the past  
Beam comfort round, and cheer thee to the last,  
While joyful angels point thy trackless way  
To blissful regions of eternal day.

\* Mr. Du Bourg President of the College.

† The writer of these lines was formerly a pupil of Mr. Du Bourg.

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